# TV COMIC

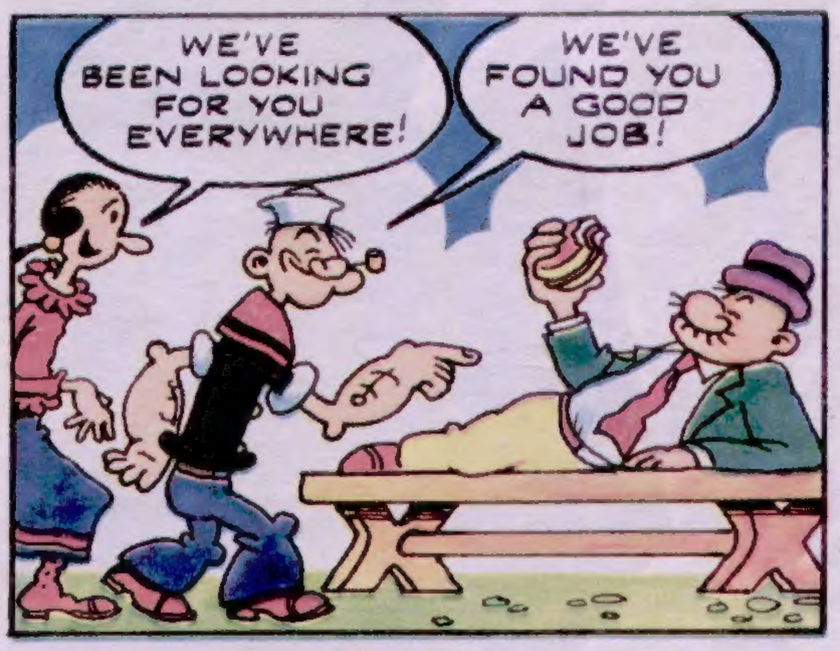
6D

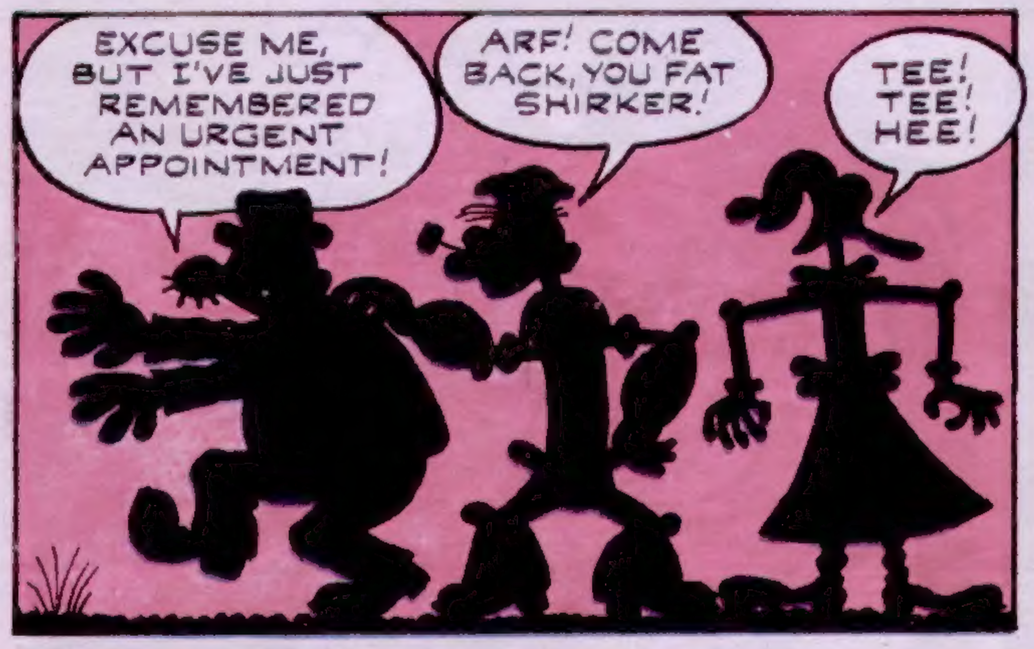
## SUPERCAR

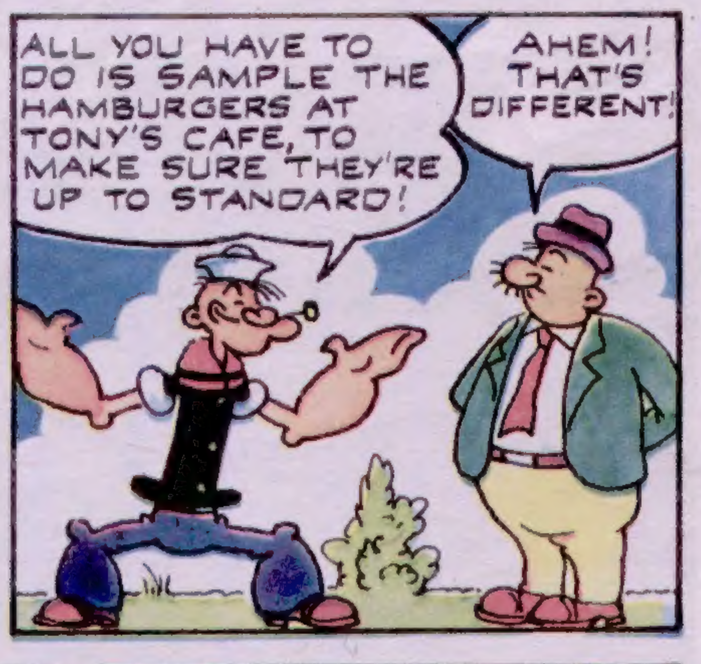
PAGES 8 & 9

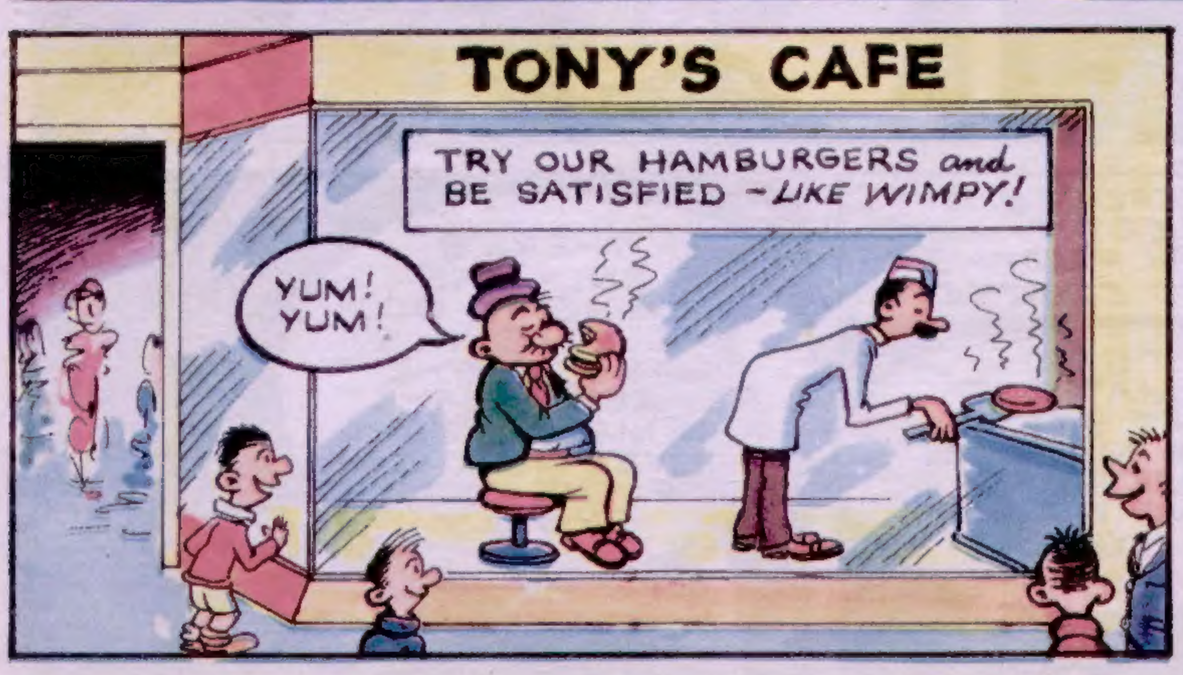
Every Monday | Week Ending, 30th May, 1964 | Number 650

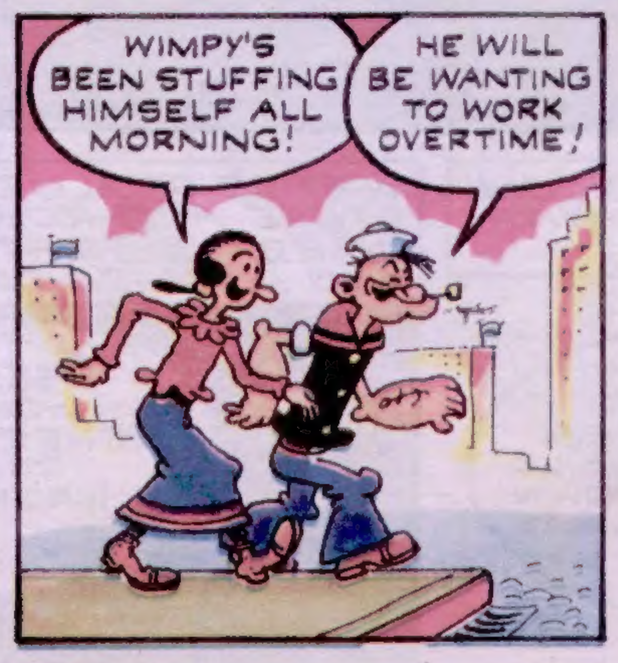

# POPEYE

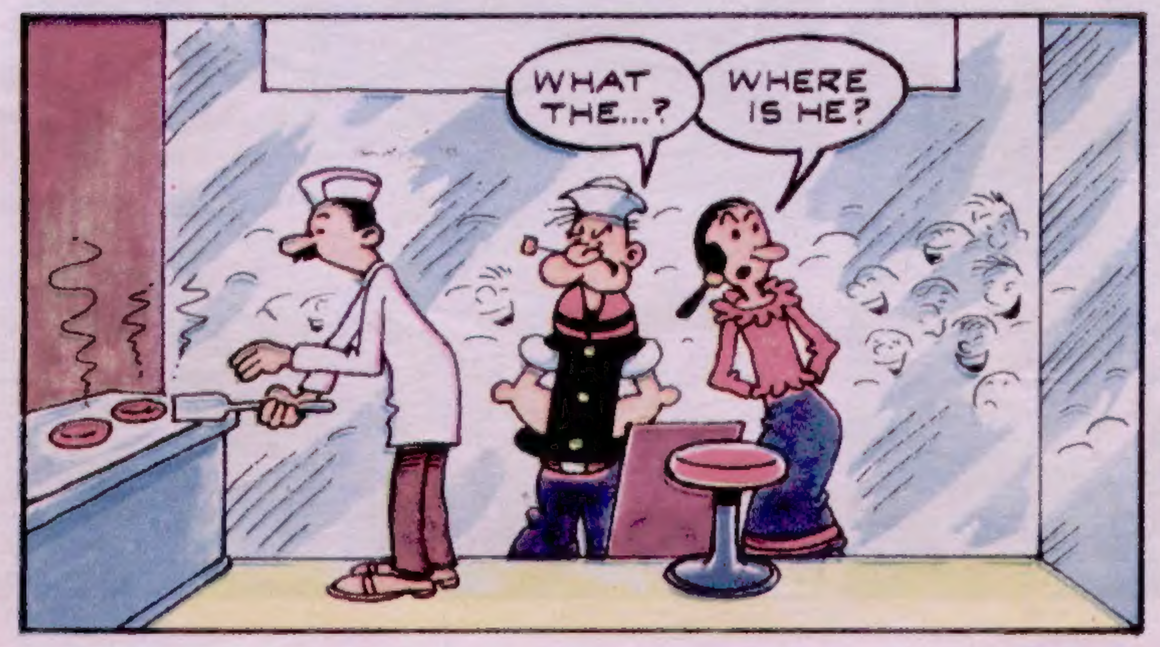








# FIREBALL XL5

FIREBALL XL5, under the command of Colonel Steve Zodiac, resumes its lone patrol of space sector 25 . . .

SAY, MAT, WE MUST BE NEAR THE LIMITS OF OUR SECTOR... IT'S TIME YOU CHECKED OUR POSITION!

MAT, IN THE NAVIGATION BAY, MAKES HIS CALCULATION. . .

HEY, STEVE, YOU'RE OFF COURSE. WE'RE RIGHT OUTSIDE SECTOR 25!

MEANWHILE IN XL5's REST ROOM, VENUS, OFF DUTY, PLAYS WITH HER PET LAZOON. . .

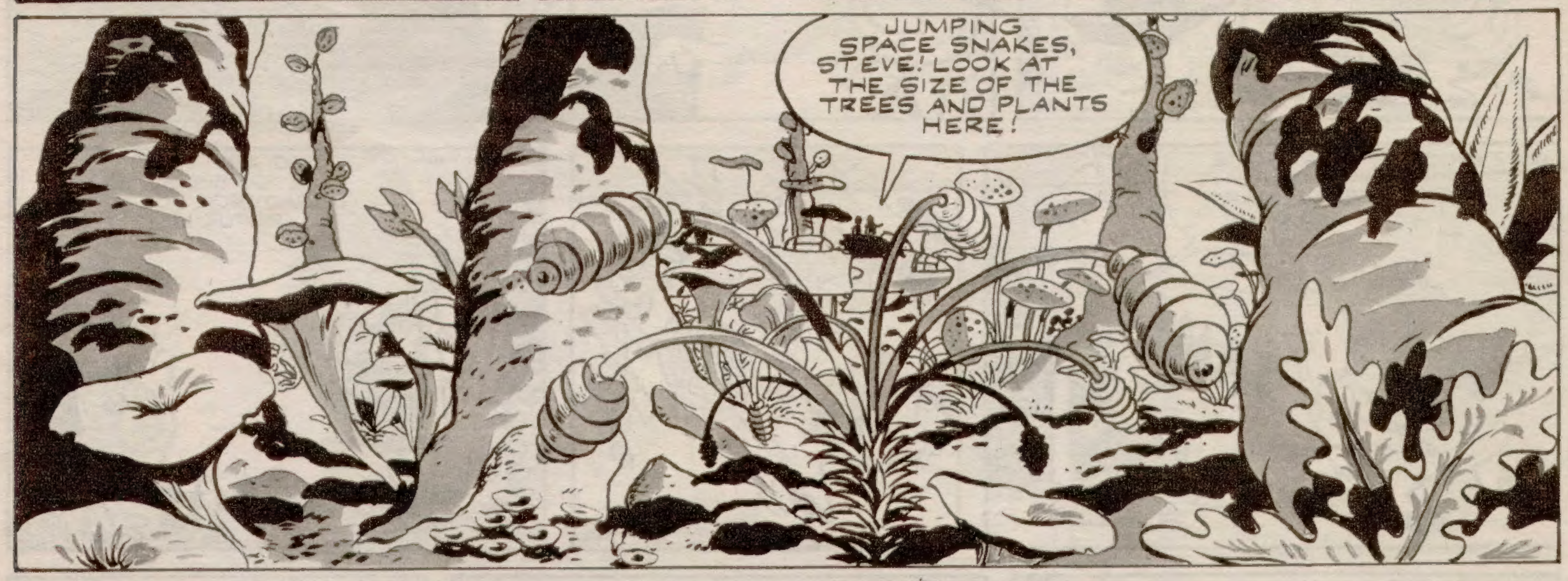
NOW, ZOONY, EAT THESE MARTIAN DELIGHTS WHILE I SETTLE DOWN TO READ MY BOOK!

IN SPITE OF ALL EFFORTS BY STEVE AND ROBERT, FIREBALL DRIFTS FURTHER AND FURTHER OFF COURSE...

IT'S NO USE, MAT, SHE WON'T STEER. THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE GYROS...

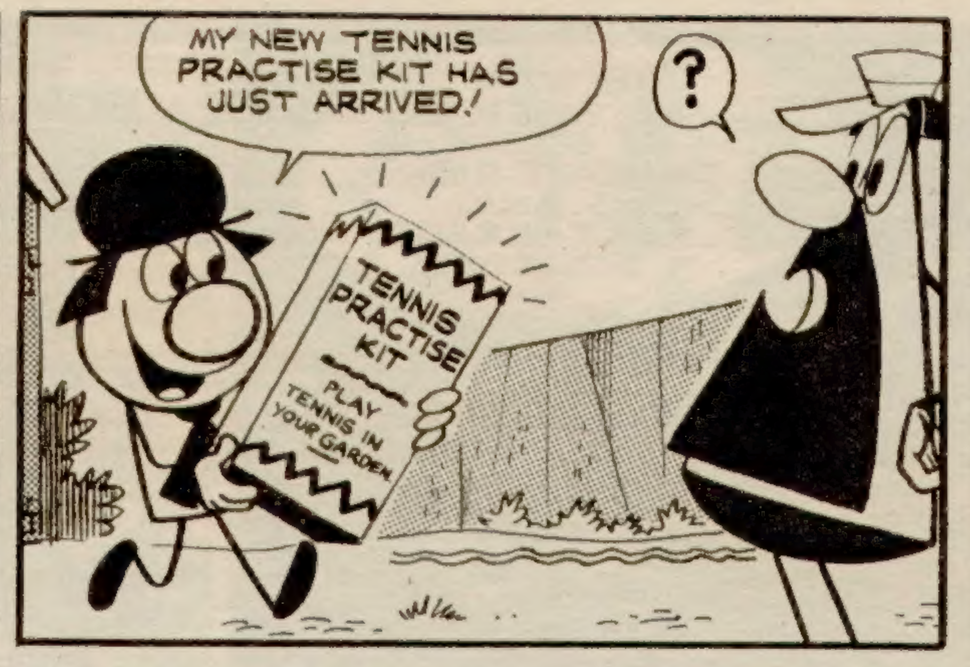
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO, STEVE, WE MUST LAND ON THE NEAREST PLANET AND MAKE A FULL INVESTIGATION OF THE GYRO SYSTEM!

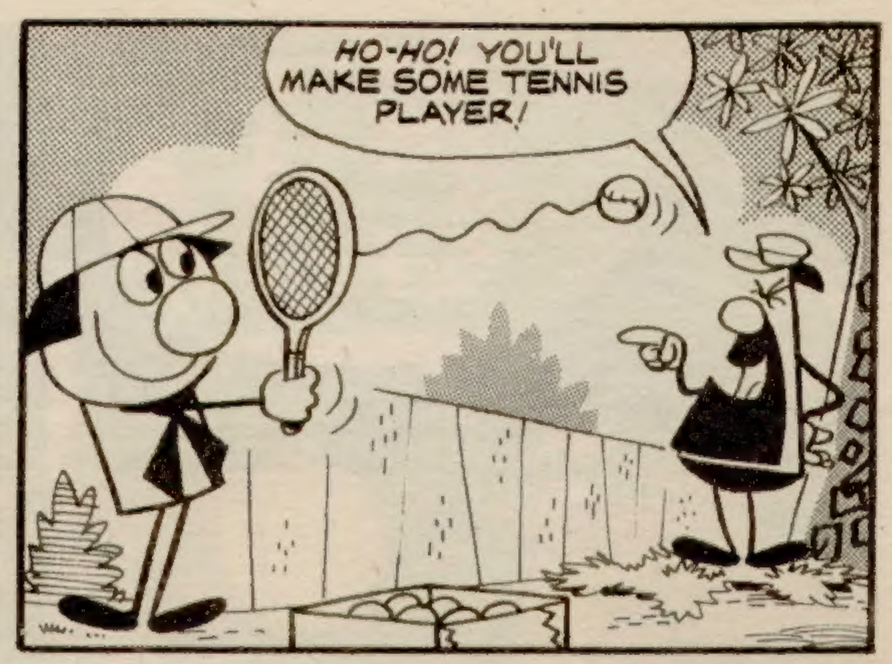
*Based on the A.P. Films Ltd. and Associated Television Ltd. series "Fireball XL5."*

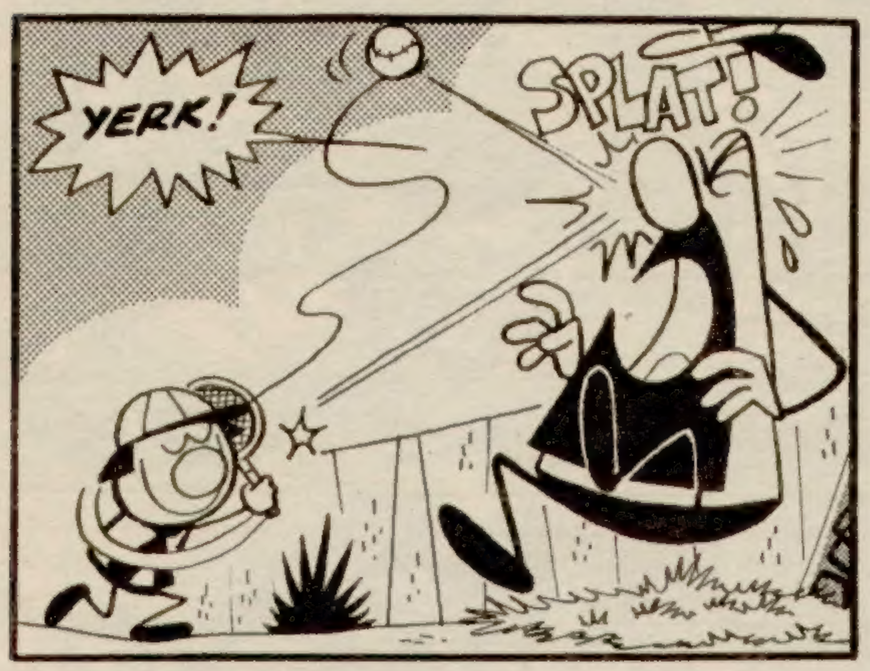


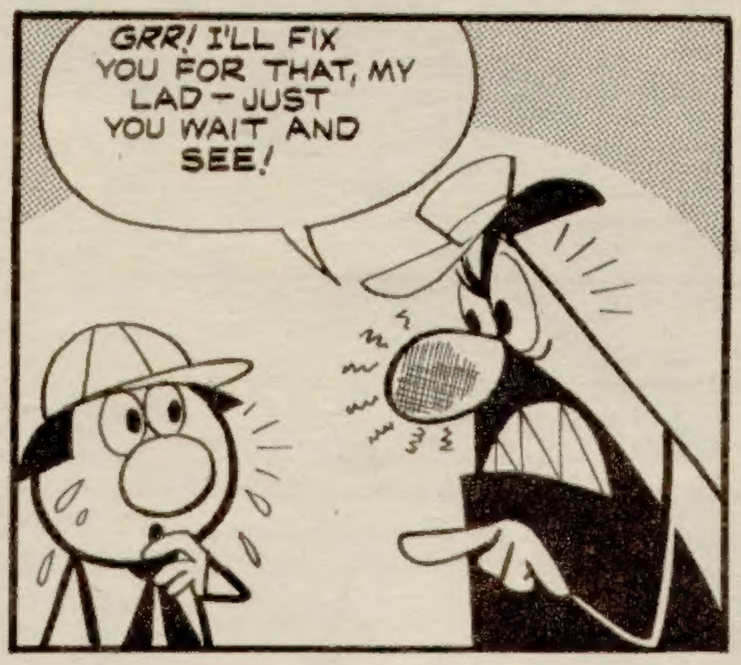
**What strange creature has captured Venus?**

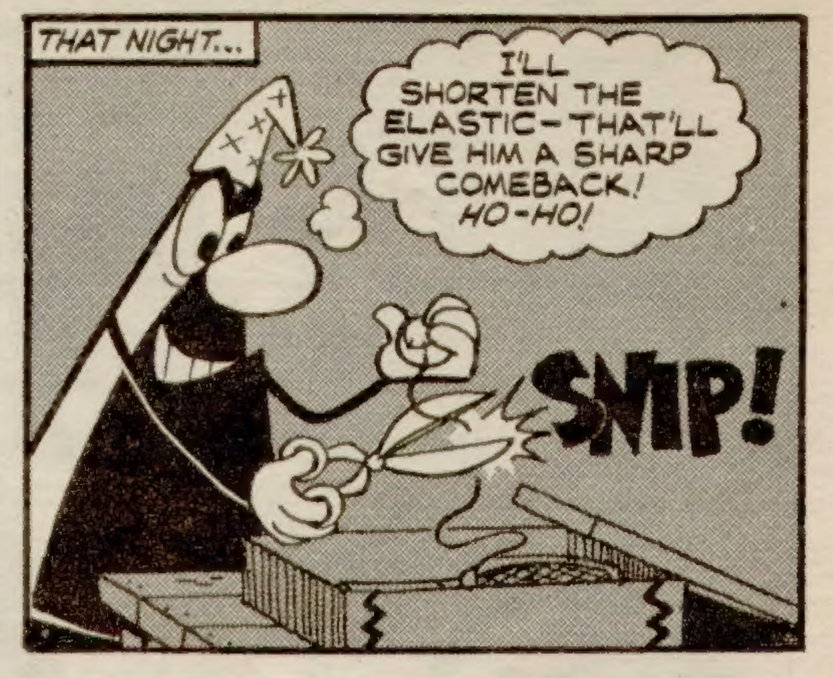
# FOO FOO and GOGO by Halas & Batchelor

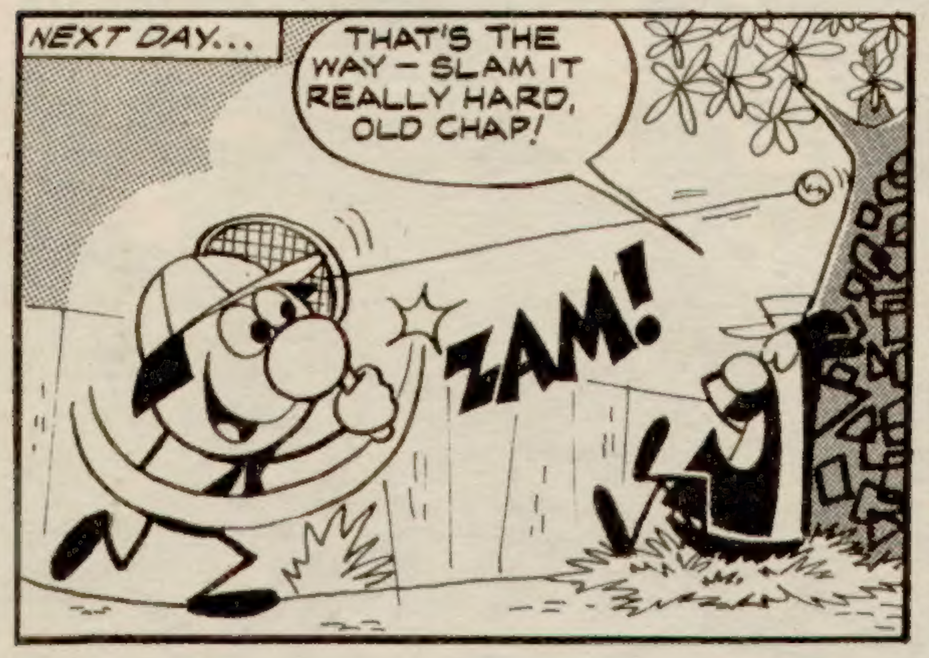


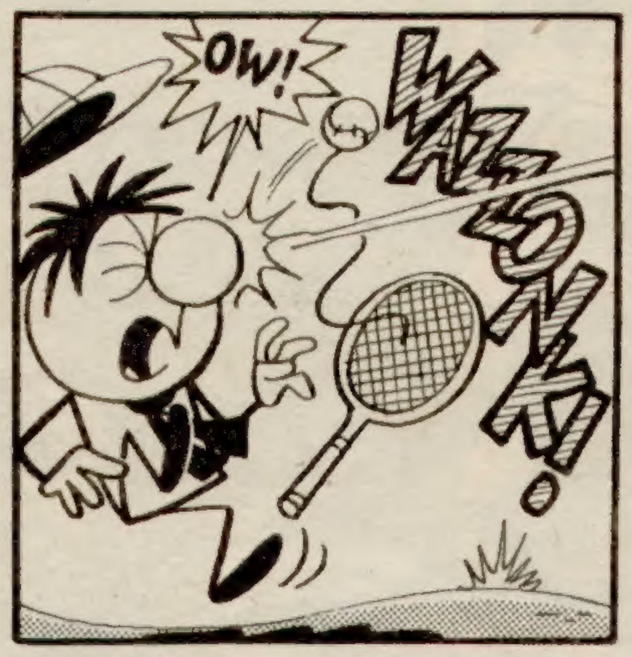



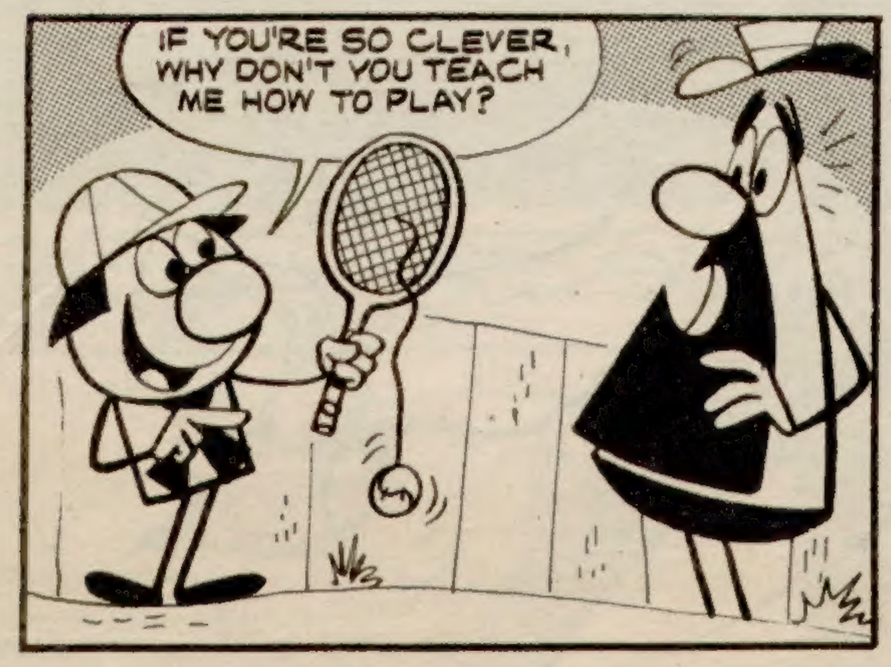



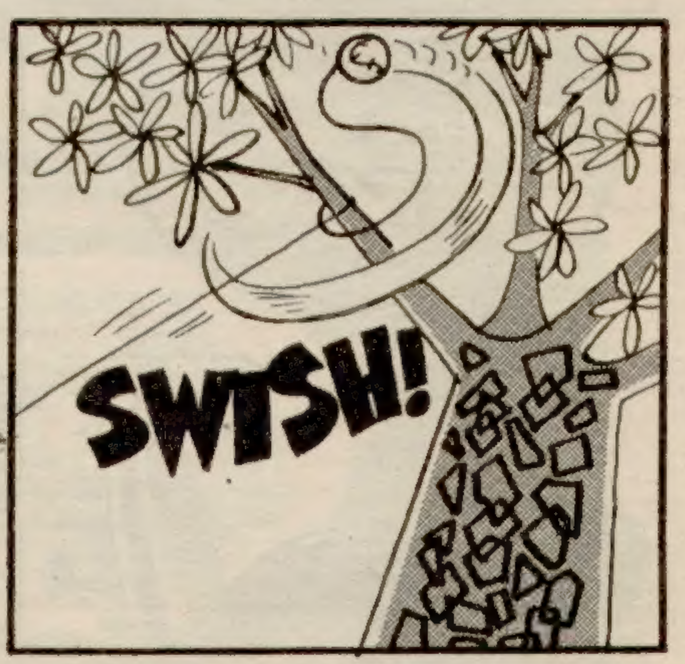



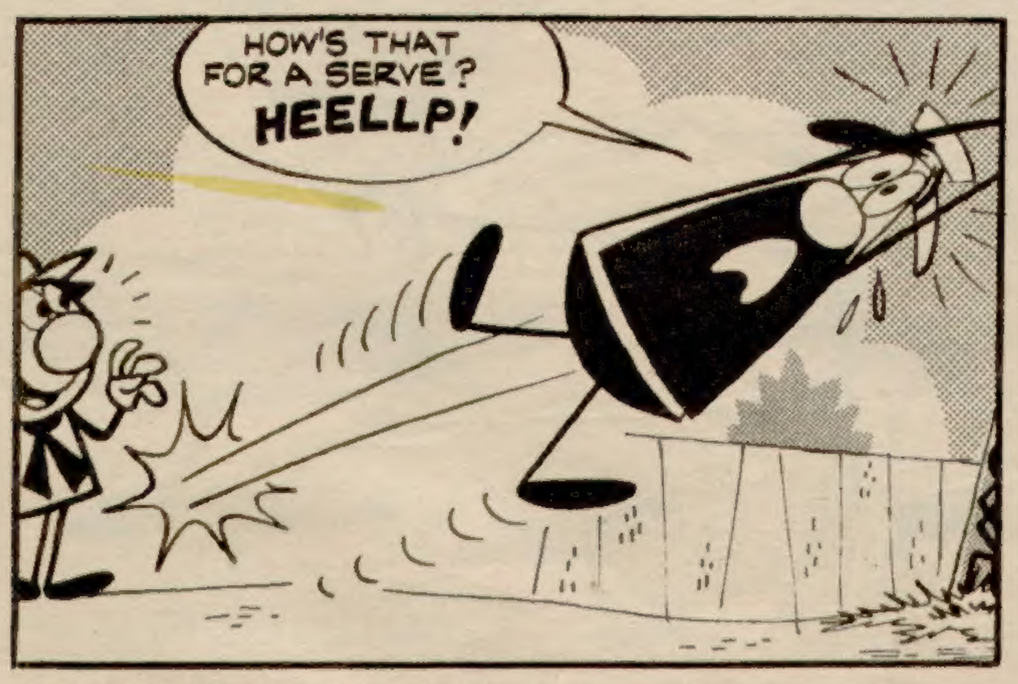



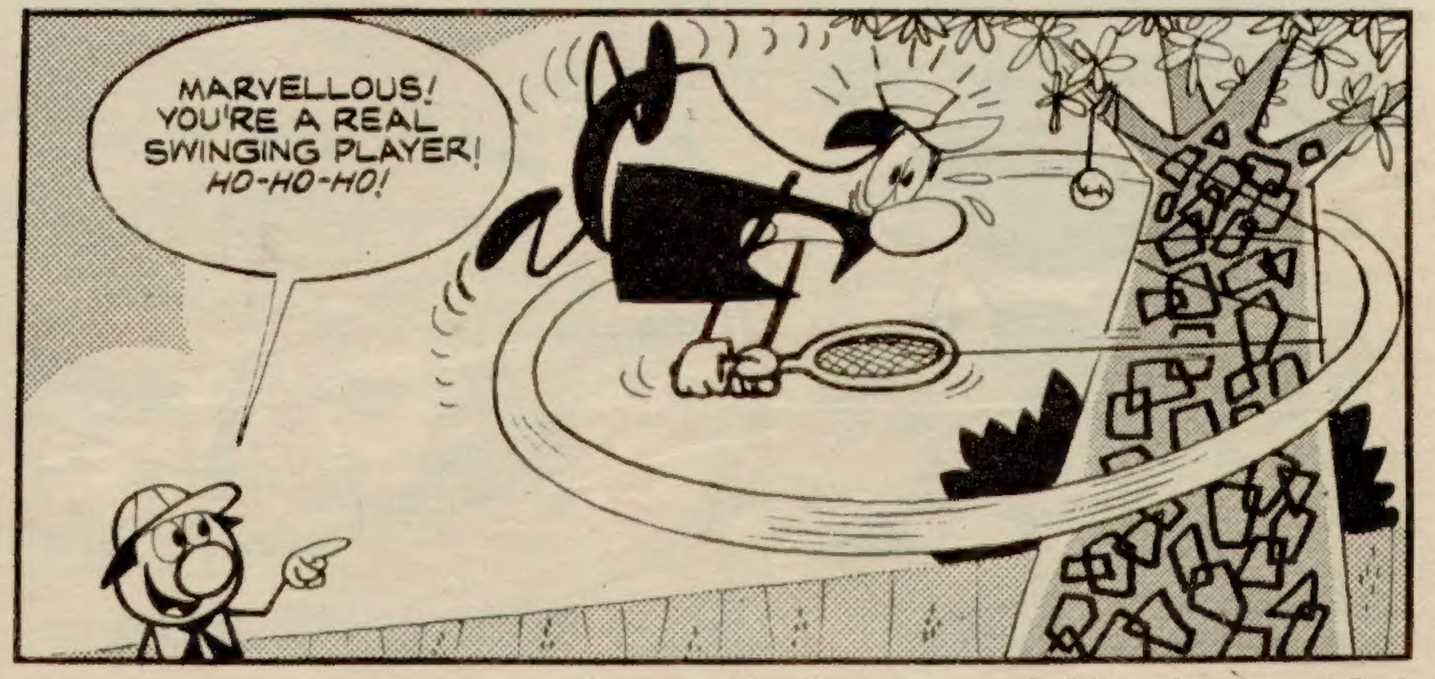







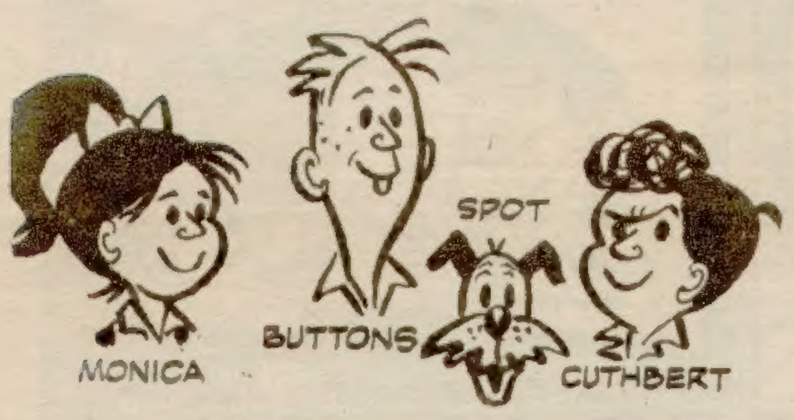



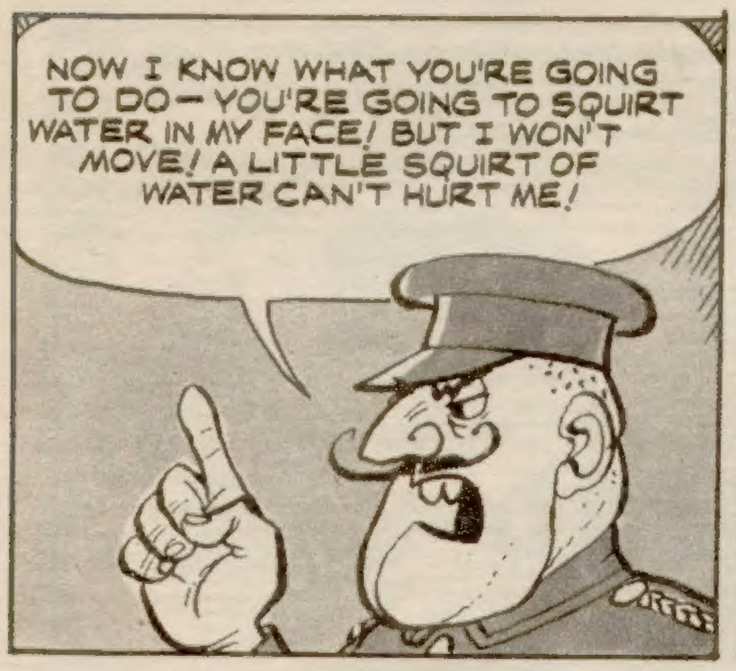

*Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo."*

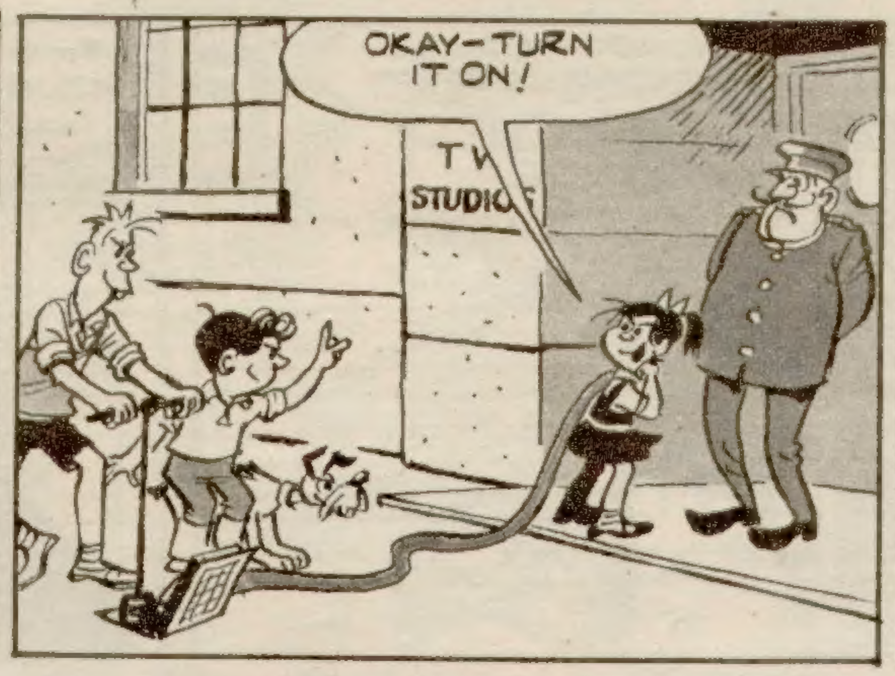
**Next week, Gogo goes fishing for trouble!**

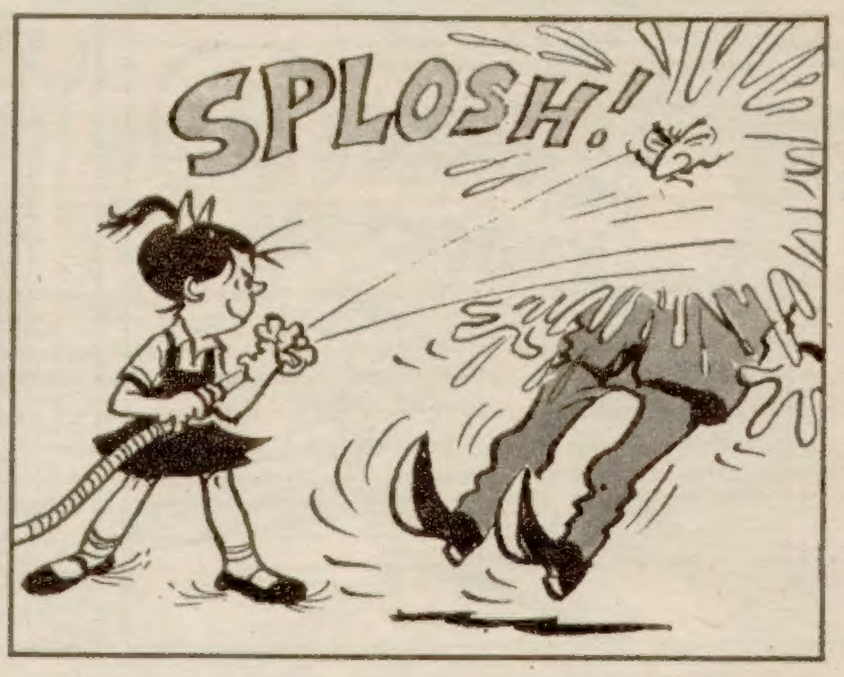
# TV TERRORS

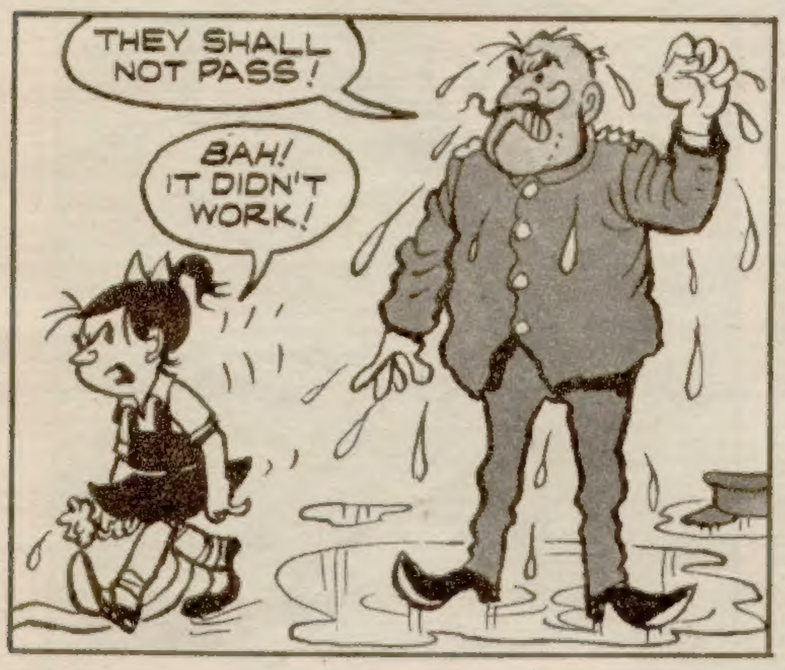


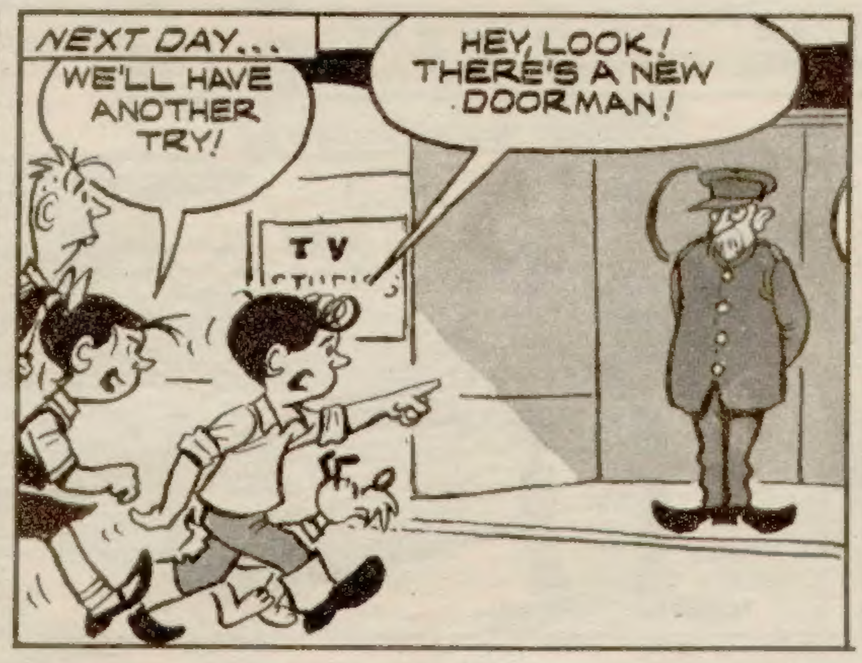
WE MUST MAKE A DETERMINED EFFORT TO GET INTO THE TV STUDIO!
THEY SHALL NOT PASS!
TV STUDIOS
GOOD MORNING, MR. HOPPIT—WOULD YOU LIKE TO SMELL THIS FLOWER?

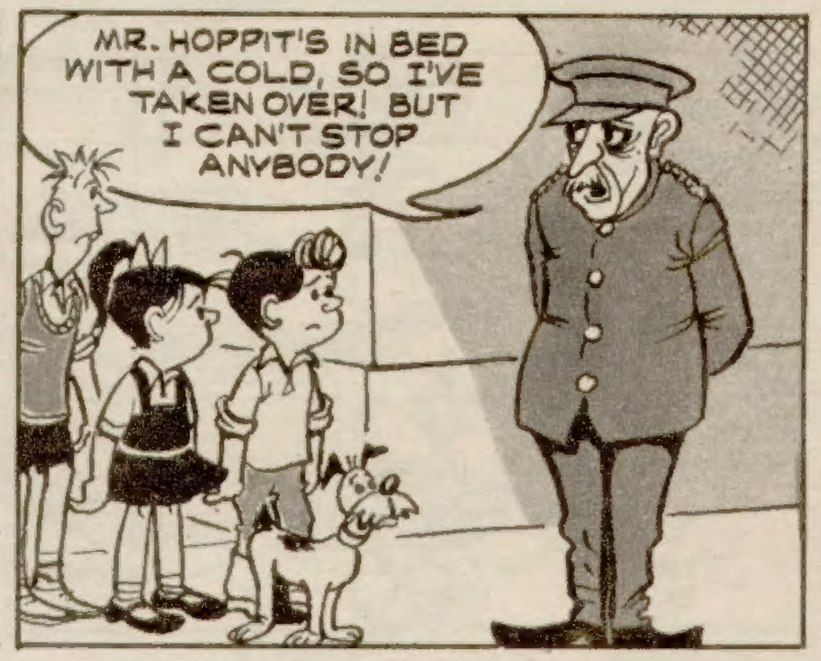


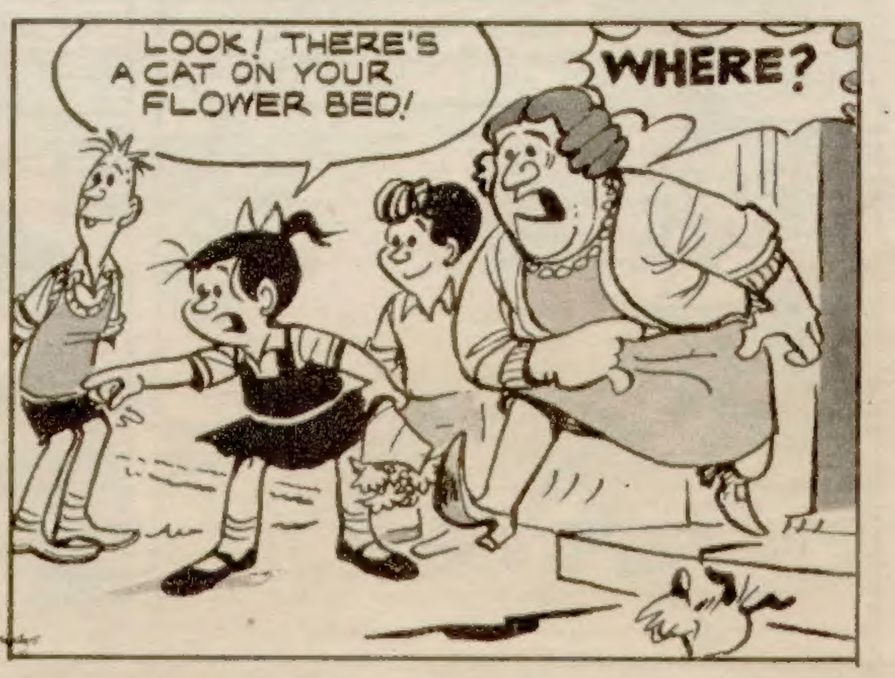



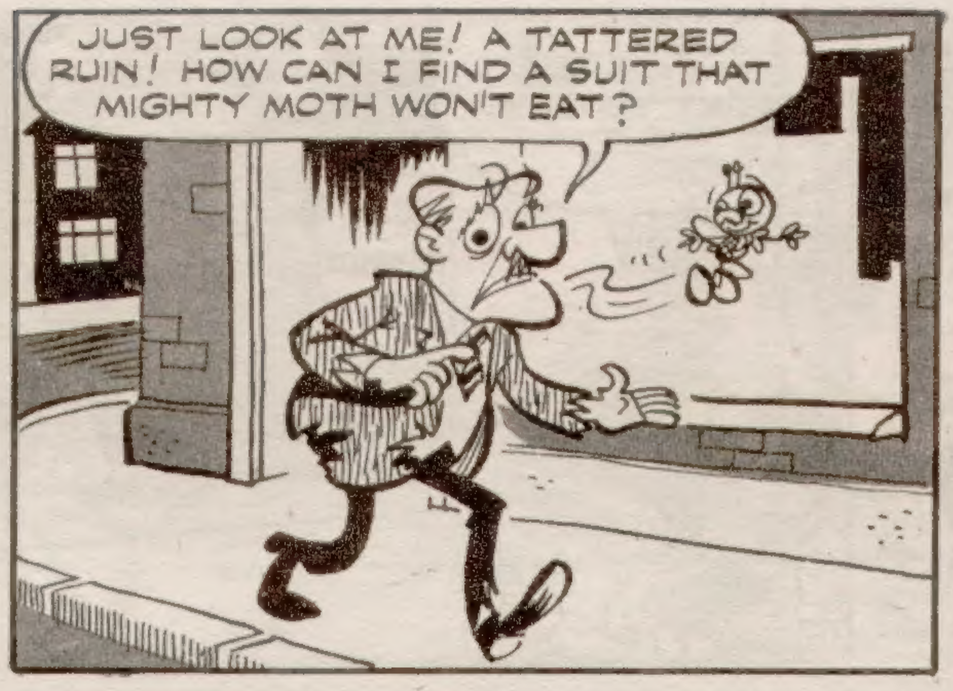



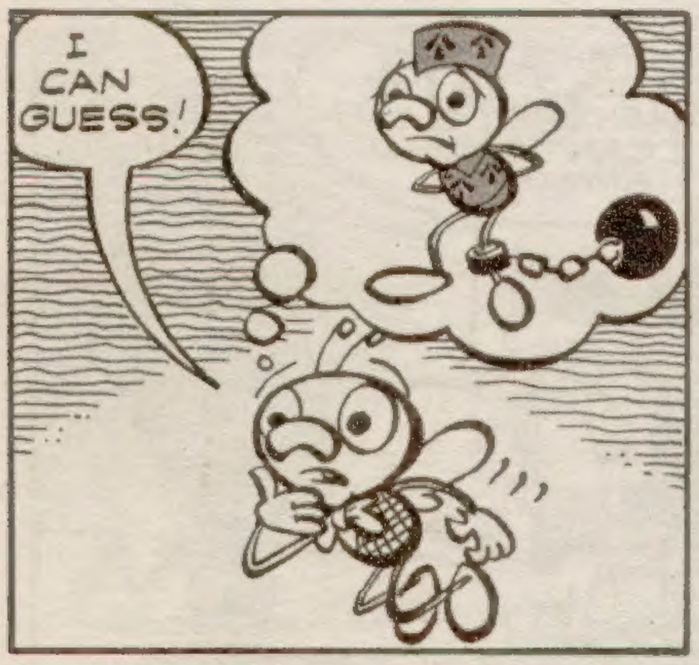



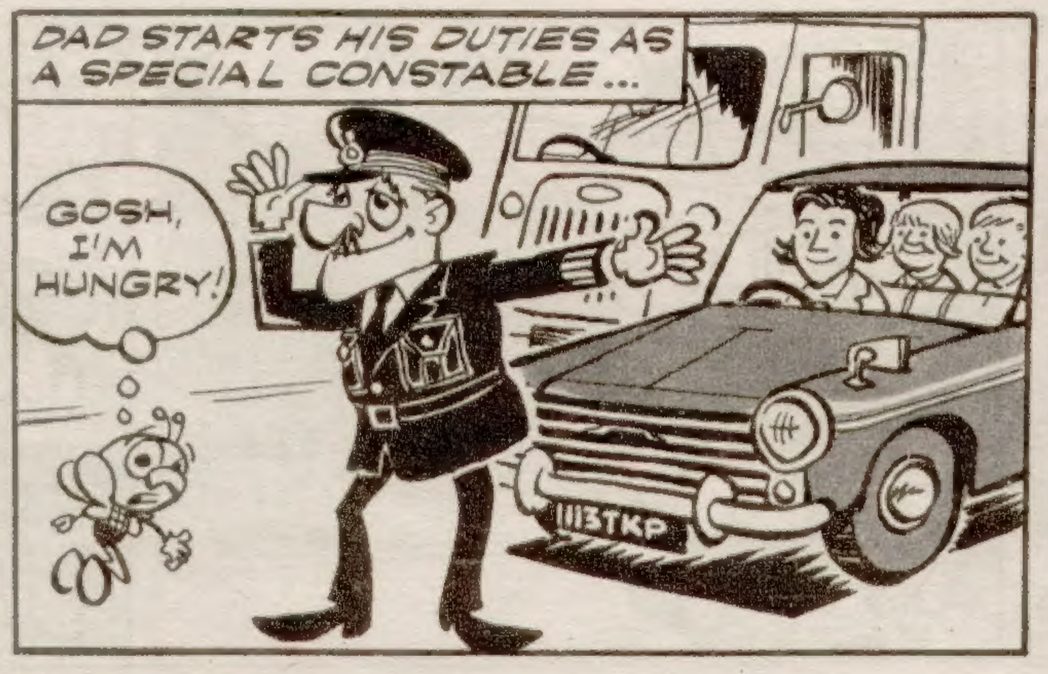


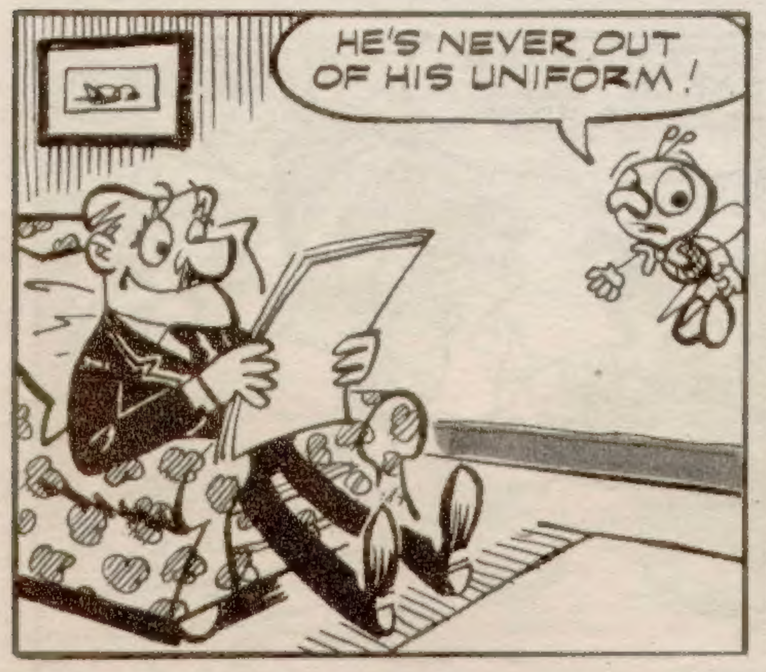
**Next week, the Terrors batter their way into the studio!**

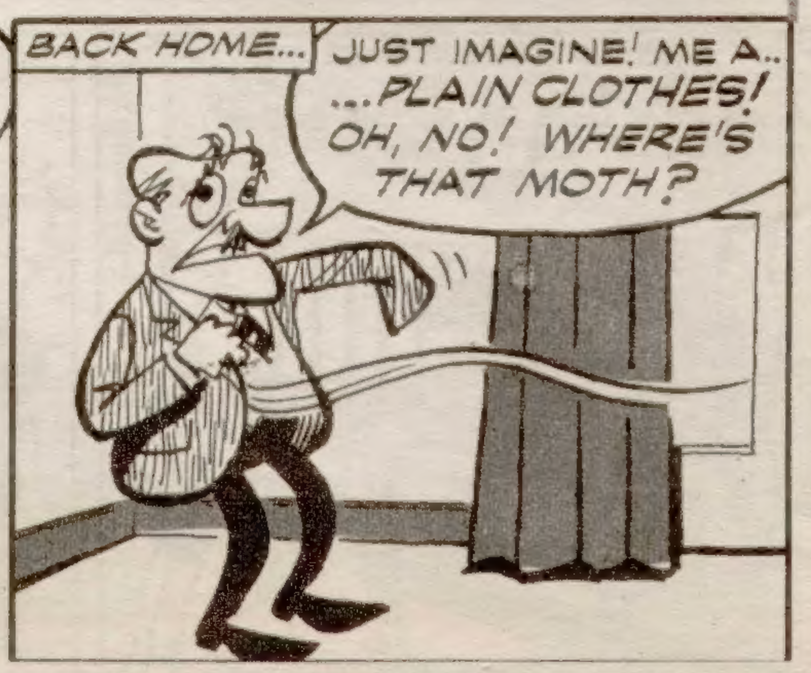
# MIGHTY MOTH





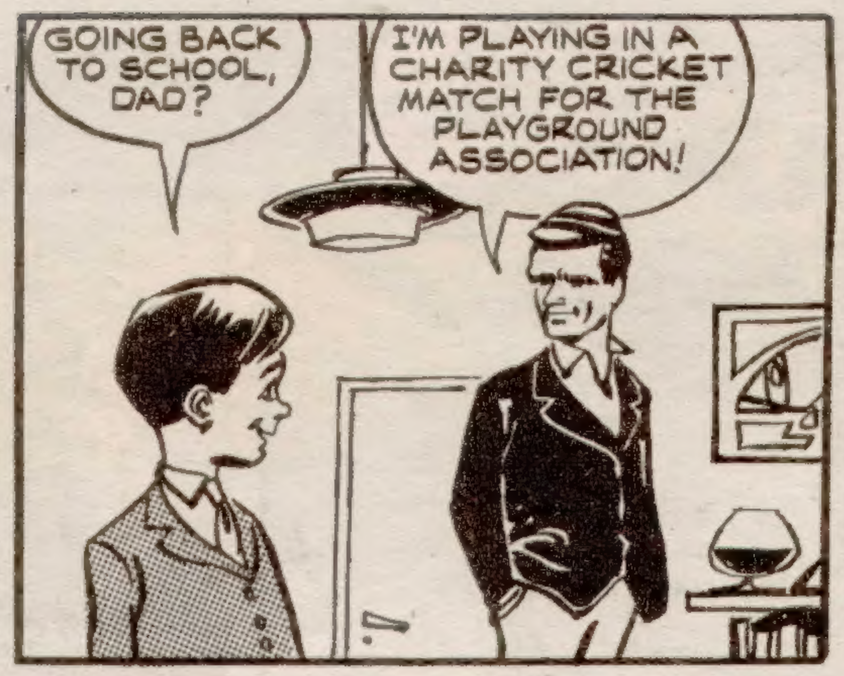



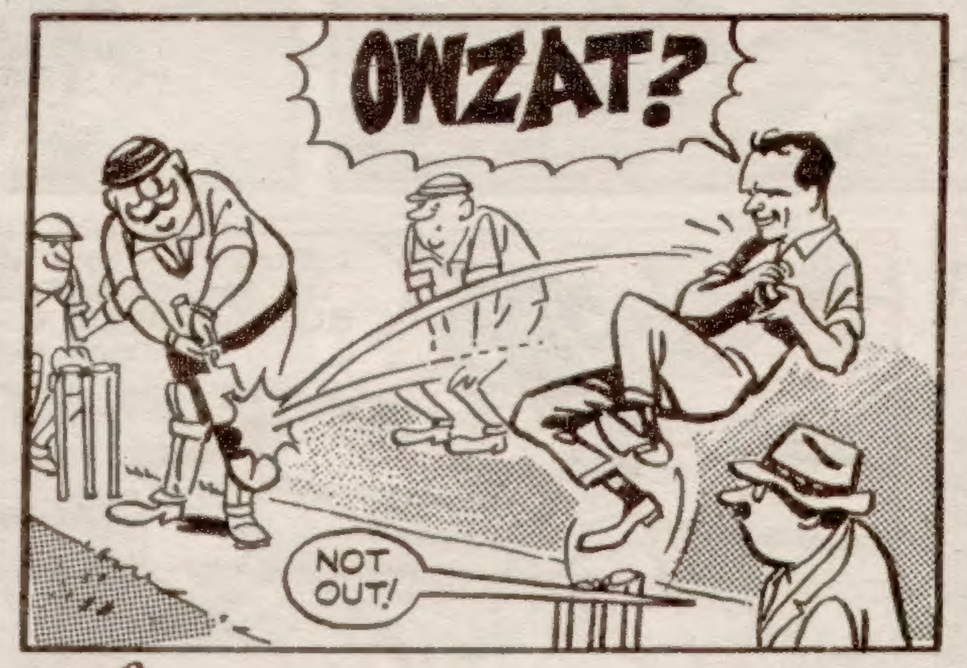


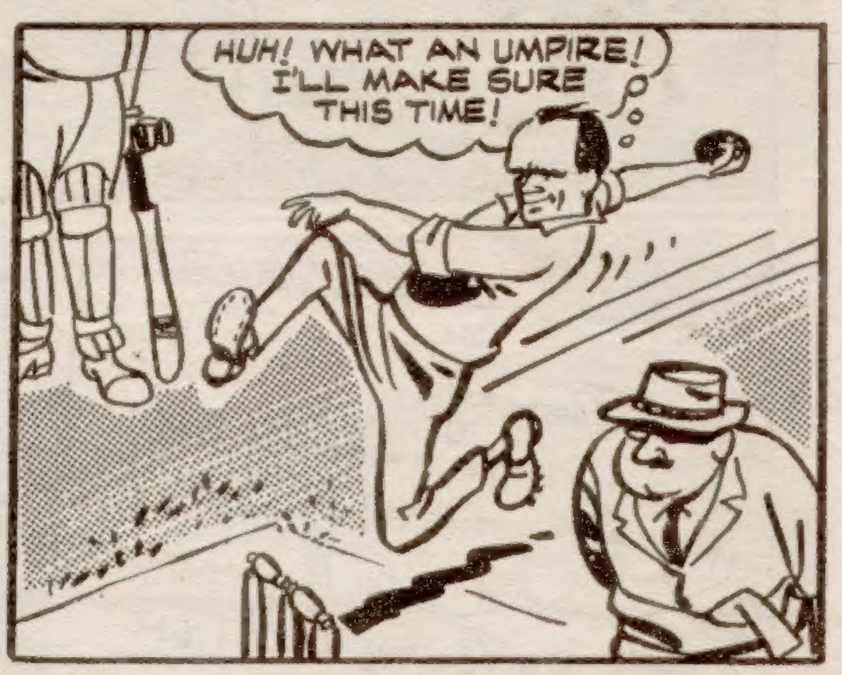


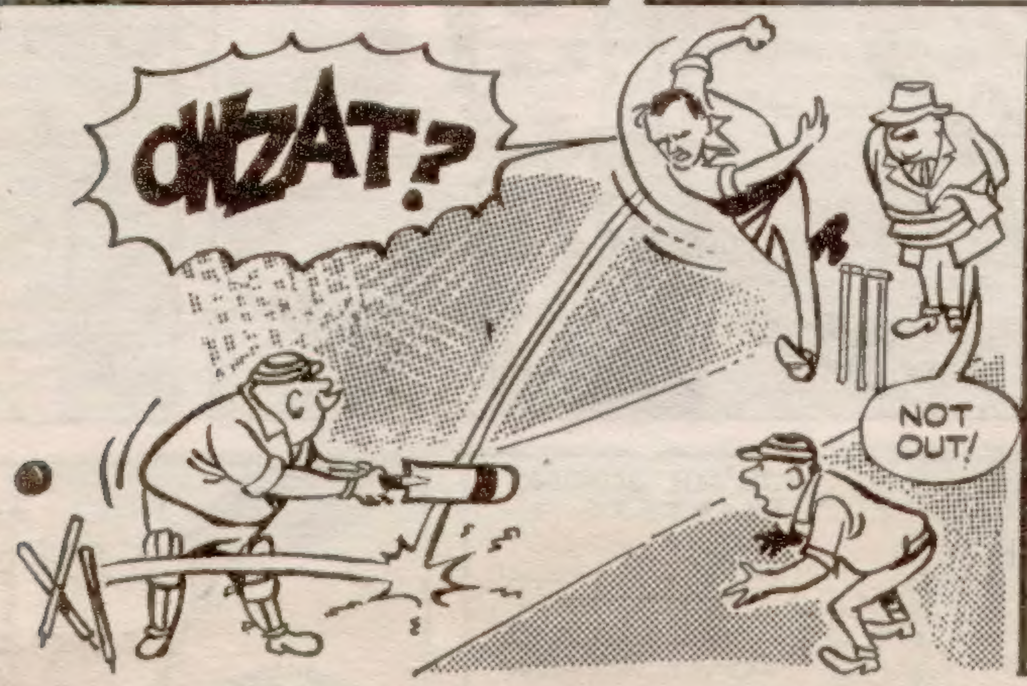
**Next week, Dad hires a moth sitter!**

# THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY





DID YOU HEAR THAT, CAPTAIN? WE'LL NEVER GET HIM OUT!
OH, I FORGOT TO MENTION, THE COLONEL IS GIVING OUR CHARITY A POUND FOR EVERY RUN HE MAKES!

*Based on the Rediffusion Television series "The Dickie Henderson Show."*

**Don't miss Dickie Henderson in TV COMIC HOLIDAY SPECIAL!**

# SUPERCAR

BASED ON THE A.P. FILMS LTD. AND ASSOCIATED TELEVISION LTD. SERIES "SUPERCAR".

WHILE in England, the Supercar team meet a girl called Cynthia who has invented an anti-gravity-belt. Jimmy makes friends with the girl and she lends him a thought projector so that he can get out of going to Televarsity school. Later, after returning from the school . . .

LORD NUTTY! CYNTHIA! ANYONE AT HOME?

HELP! UP HERE!

ZARIN! OKAY, WHERE'S THE ANTI-GRAVITY BELT?

OH, MISTER MERCURY- THE GIRL TOOK IT WHILE I WAS STILL STUCK IN THE CHIMNEY!

IF YOU TWO WOULD STOP ARGUING AND GET ME OUT OF HERE!

NOW YOU'RE FREE, TALK! WHERE ARE LORD NUTTY AND CYNTHIA?

I DO KNOW, HO MERCU BEEN UP CHIMNEY YOU CH U

SPLIT UP AND SEARCH THE HOUSE!

EEK! EEK!

CYNTHIA! CYNTHIA!

MITCH- WHAT'S THAT? GIVE IT HERE!

Dear Jimmy,
I'm sorry we could not stay for your return, but Daddy and I had to get back home. With any luck, we will visit you sometime in the future (or is it the past?)
'Bye for now.
Cynthia.

I GUESS THAT CLEARS UP THE DISAPPEARANCE, BUT I WONDER WHERE HOME IS?

IT SURE CAN'T BE HERE!

MIKE! OUTSIDE, QUICKLY, I'VE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU!

THE SUMMER HOUSE! IT'S GONE!

YES. . . AND THOSE BURN MARKS HAVE BEEN MADE BY SOMETHING THRUSTING OFF! SOMETHING GIGANTIC!

SO THAT'S WHAT CYNTHIA MEANT BY GOING HOME! WELL, I GUESS WE'D BETTER DO THE SAME!

IS THERE ROOM FOR TWO MORE, MISTER MERCURY?

YOU'RE JOKING, MASTERSPY- YOU TWO GOT YOURSELVES HERE, NOW YOU CAN GET YOURSELVES HOME AGAIN!

THE THOUGHT PROJECTOR! CYNTHIA MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN I HAD IT! I WONDER IF IT WILL WORK WITH MASTERSPY AND ZARIN...?

WELL, YOU MOUND OF SHAKING JELLY, YOU GOT US HERE, NOW GET US HOME!

A MOUND OF JELLY, AM I?

OH, DEAR, WHAT' HAVE I SAID? BUT, MASTERSPY...

HO! HO! HO! HO! HO! HO!

THE SUPERCAR CLUB LUCKY LICENCE NUMBER THIS WEEK IS: 24,195

Next week, Jimmy and the thought projector start an exciting new Supercar

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I DON'T KNOW, HONEST, MERCURY! I'VE BEEN UP THAT CHIMNEY SINCE YOU CHASED US!

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HO! HO! HO! HO! HO! HO!

MEVIN

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Next week, Jimmy and the thought projector start an exciting new Supercar story!

Why we buy
Anglo Bubbly

BUBBLY
CHEWING GUM
1d
BUBBLY
Blows BIGGEST Bubbles
ANGLO
BUBBLY

It's fruitier, chewier, lasts longer, smashing value for 1d

ANGLO
BUBBLY
CHEWING GUM

ANGLO-AMERICAN CHEWING GUM LIMITED HALIFAX, YORKSHIRE

# Pick of the jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

*J. P. Roberts, Upminster, Essex.*

*S. Finch, Cradley Heath, Staffs.*

*P. Beardsmore, Walsall, Staffs.*

*S. Winterberg, Pulborough, Sussex.*

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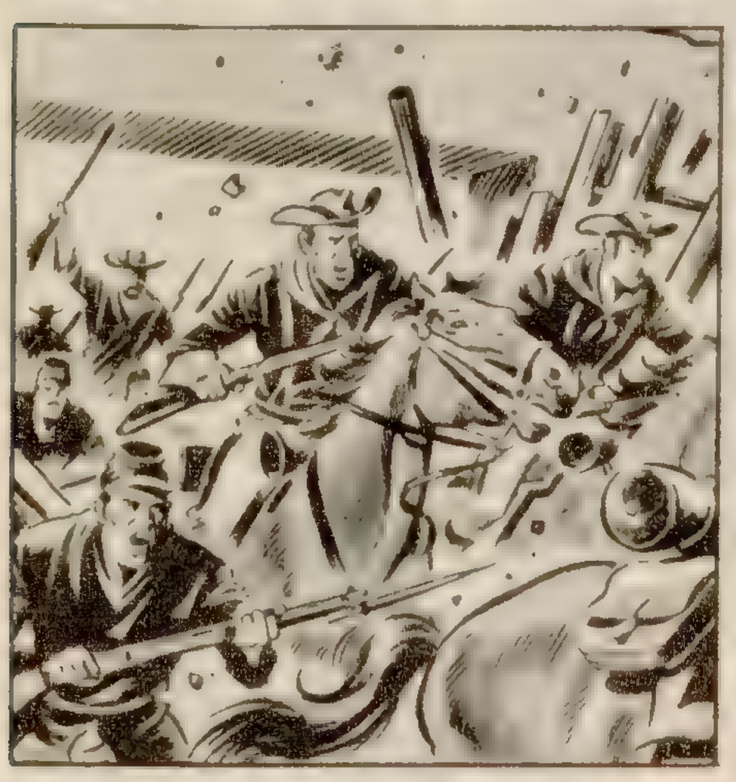
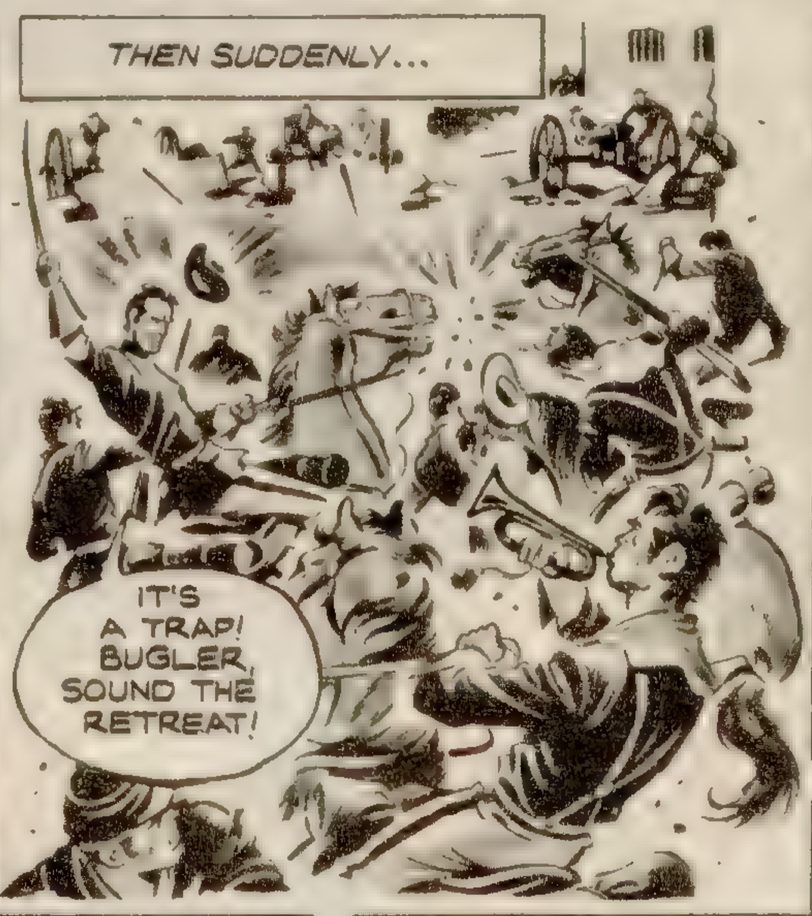
Editorial Offices: 37/39 High Holborn, W.C.1

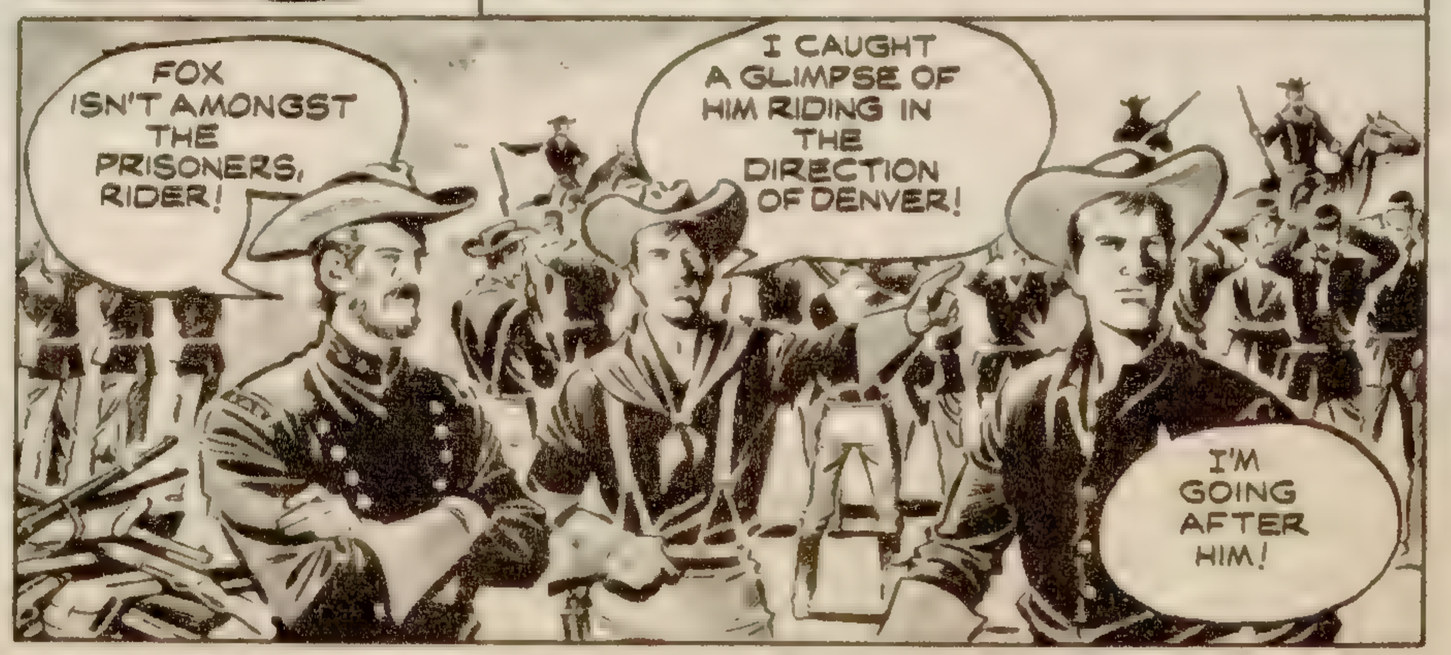
# THE RANGE RIDER

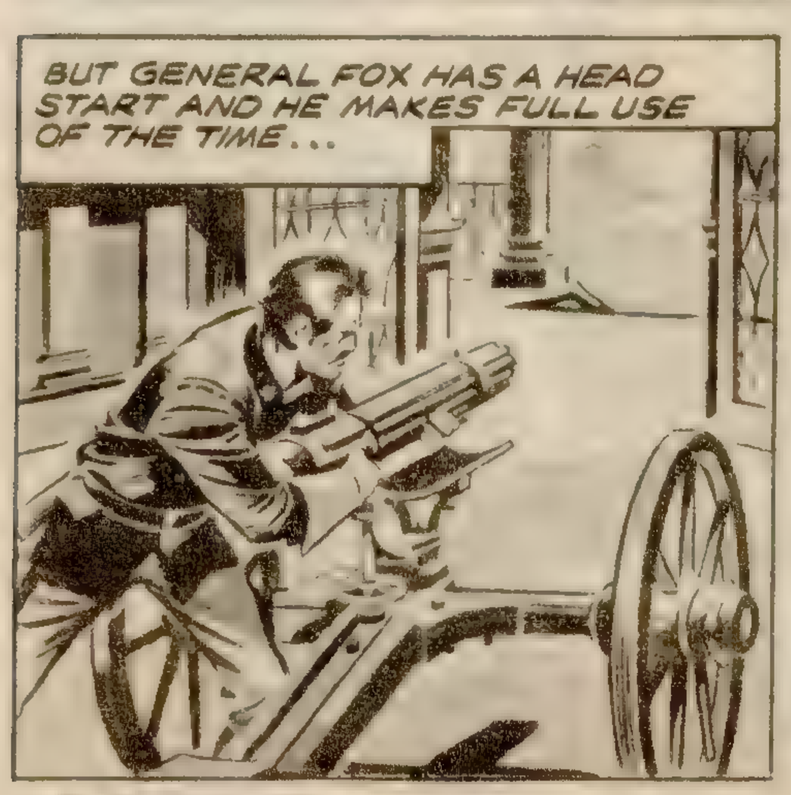
**ACTING as secret agents, the Range Rider and Dick West join a renegade army under the leadership of General Fox. They discover that the General plans to capture the State of Colorado. After placing the State Governor and the town of Denver under arrest, he sets about enlarging his army. His plan is to release and enlist the criminals housed in the State Prison. Rider manages to get a message to a train driver in the hope he will take it to General Britt at Fort William, but, by the time the attack on the prison is under way, there is no sign of Britt's Cavalry . . .**





A LITTLE LATER THE BATTLE OF COLORADO PRISON IS OVER...



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**Don't miss next week's thrilling end to this Range Rider story!**

# NOW... WALL'S NEW SUPER Z BAR

Chocolate coated vanilla fudge!

6d

NEW!! orange flavoured Water-ice!

Wall's
FIRST in FLAVOUR

GET THESE 3 BIG THRILLS WHERE YOU BUY YOUR WALL'S!

ICE 205-8864

# DR. NOLAN'S TELE VARSITY

## A CLEAN SWEEP!

**GEORGE BODGER and William Boodle were in a fix. Dressed mainly in bath-towels and smothered in mud, they were trying to get into the school building without being seen.**

**It was all Bodger's fault, of course. Not only had he caused them both to lose their trousers and have some surprising adventures, he had thought it a good idea on entering the Televarsity to pretend to speak a strange language.**

**This did not deceive Tom Ranger, the School Captain. As the two pals hurried along the travelator, or moving floor, Tom leaped on behind him.**

**"Now you've done it, Bodge," Boodle groaned. "The skipper's after us."**

**"Don't worry, pal." Bodger's wits were working. "When we get round the corner, nip through the double doors on the left."**

**Boodle blinked owlishly. The double doors Bodger referred to were those of the Headmaster's study!**

Bodger had remembered that Dr. Nolan was out in the Control room. It was in the Control room that the pals had caused most of the trouble, and Dr. Nolan had gone out with the electricians to investigate the cause of it.

Not being able to think of anything better, Boodle followed his pal. The doors opened by a photo-electric ray as the pair side-stepped from the travelator, and Bodger and Boodle vanished with great speed. The doors closed of their own accord behind them.

Tom Ranger, whizzing round the corner in pursuit, was mystified. It did not occur to him that two fellows trying to dodge him would nip into the Headmaster's own study!

Once inside, the two pals flopped down into a couple of chairs.

"Groo-o-ooogh!" groaned Boodle.

"Take it easy, chum," grinned Bodger. "They won't think of looking in here for us."

"I hope you're right, Bodge. I don't feel I could run another yard."

Bodger was right. Tom whizzed on past the study thinking they had gone up the moving ramp, and he was completely bewildered when he could not find them.

Bodger and Boodle sat still trying to get their breath back, both blinking around at Dr. Nolan's amazing headquarters.

Dr. Nolan's Televarsity was entirely automatic. All teaching was by TV, and the study was a mass of switches and control panels. Everything was done by pressing a button. Bodger's trouble was that he always pressed the wrong button, but this time he was determined not to press any buttons at all.

"We'll rest here till Tom gives up looking for us," he said, "then we'll nip out and get dressed properly."

That was what he thought!

At that moment, however, there was a sudden whirring sound, and both boys jumped as the doors of two cupboards opened. From out of the cupboards came two mechanical figures, each about four feet in height. They were two of the many little robot assistants with which Dr. Nolan's Televarsity was provided.

Each one held the nozzle of a vacuum cleaner in front of it, and Bodger and Boodle leaped wildly out of their chairs.

"C-c-c-crumbs, Bodge! W-w-w-what's happening now?"

There seemed to be no rest for Bodger and Boodle!

All that was happening was that Dr. Nolan's study was getting its morning clean. The two little robots were his own special cleaners, and they had simply popped out of the cupboards when their timing mechanism told them it was time to clean!

But Bodger and Boodle could not be expected to know that! A wild howl came from Boodle as one of the robots started cleaning him as well, and Bodger blinked rapidly as he saw one of Boodle's towels disappear into the suction spout.

"Help!" Boodle yelled. "It's dragging the clothes off me!"

Bodger rushed to help his pal, but a mighty draught caught one of his own towels at that moment. The other robot was getting to work with its vacuum nozzle on Bodger!

Bodger was not the sort to stand that sort of treatment. Uttering a yelp, he seized his towel and began a fierce tug-of-war with the robot. Scared of losing the only towel that remained to him, Boodle grabbed the nozzle of the other vacuum robot and did likewise.

For a few moments both boys struggled manfully. Then, all of a sudden, there was a kind of silence. The vacuum fans were still whirring, but both robots had come to a standstill.

The fight seemed to have put their works out of order!

Both boys panted as they stood beside them.

"How am I going to get my towel back, Bodge?" Boodle wailed.

"We'll have to open 'em up somehow," Bodger panted, remembering the vacuum cleaner they had at home.

"If you're g-g-g-going to press any more buttons——" Boodle began, but Bodger was already turning a knob in the back of the robot he was examining.

To Boodle's surprise, nothing happened except that a door came open. Inside there was a bag which collected the dust drawn up by the nozzle, and that was about all. The robots were simple cylinders open at the bottom, running on a ring of castors round the base. The works were in a box in front—outside.

"'Seasy," Bodger beamed, pleased with his own cleverness. "They put the works outside so's to keep 'em away from the dust—see? All we've got to do is open the bag and——"

He paused with a blank look on his face. Almost as he said 'outside,' loud footsteps made themselves heard—outside in the corridor! Dr. Nolan was returning with the technicians from the Control room!

"This way, men!" he barked "Bring those disgraceful objects into my study."

Bodger and Boodle stood as though turned to stone. In about two ticks Dr. Nolan would walk in and find them with the two busted robots! After what had already happened, this looked like the end of a perfect day!

But Bodger's wits always worked overtime in times of emergency.

"Quick, pal—into these thingumabobs an' shut the back-flap. There's just room for one in each."

So there was—and it was fortunate that Boodle had already got the flap of the other robot open. Like a couple of eels the two boys wriggled inside and—clang—clang! The door-flaps shut behind them.

No sooner were they hidden than the doors of the study opened and Dr. Nolan stalked in. Two of the technicians followed him, each carrying a wet and soggy bundle. Nobody took any notice of the two stationary robots.

Through the slits in which the nozzles worked, Bodger and Boodle could see quite plainly. And what they saw made them feel rather weak at the knees.

For the bundles the two men were carrying were their own soaked pyjamas, which the boys had forgotten and left lying around in the Control room. Dr. Nolan had all the evidence he needed to find the culprits who had caused such a commotion in the Dining Hall!

All he had to do was to look at their name-tags!

Bodger and Boodle blinked frantically at each other through the slits in their metal casings, like a couple of ancient knights in armour. The technicians had gone, and any moment now Dr. Nolan would find his spectacles and read their names!

Before that happened, however, Dr. Nolan seemed suddenly to become aware of the strange attitude of his robot cleaners. Their fans were whirring—but they were perfectly stationary!

"Dear me!" he said aloud. "Has something gone wrong with these, too?"

That was enough for Bodger and Boodle. With one accord they started walking, trundling the robots along with them. To make it more realistic, they put the brush-nozzles down as though they were cleaning the carpet.

That really did it as far as Boodle was concerned. The fans being still in operation, clouds of dust were drawn into the bags, only Boodle's bag happened to have a slight tear in it. So most of the dust promptly went up his nose!

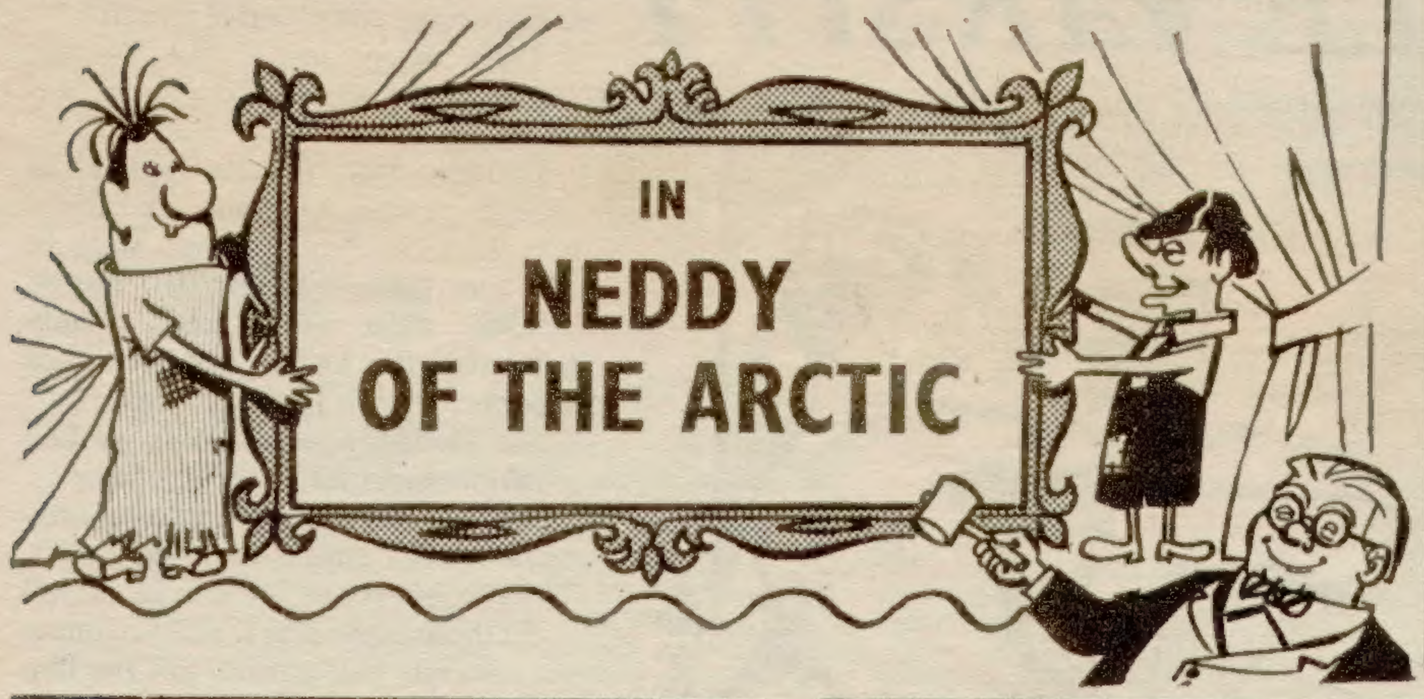
"A-o-o-o-oooooh!" he gulped. "A-o-o-o-ooooh! A-o-o-o-ooooh!" Boodle was about to sneeze . . .!!!

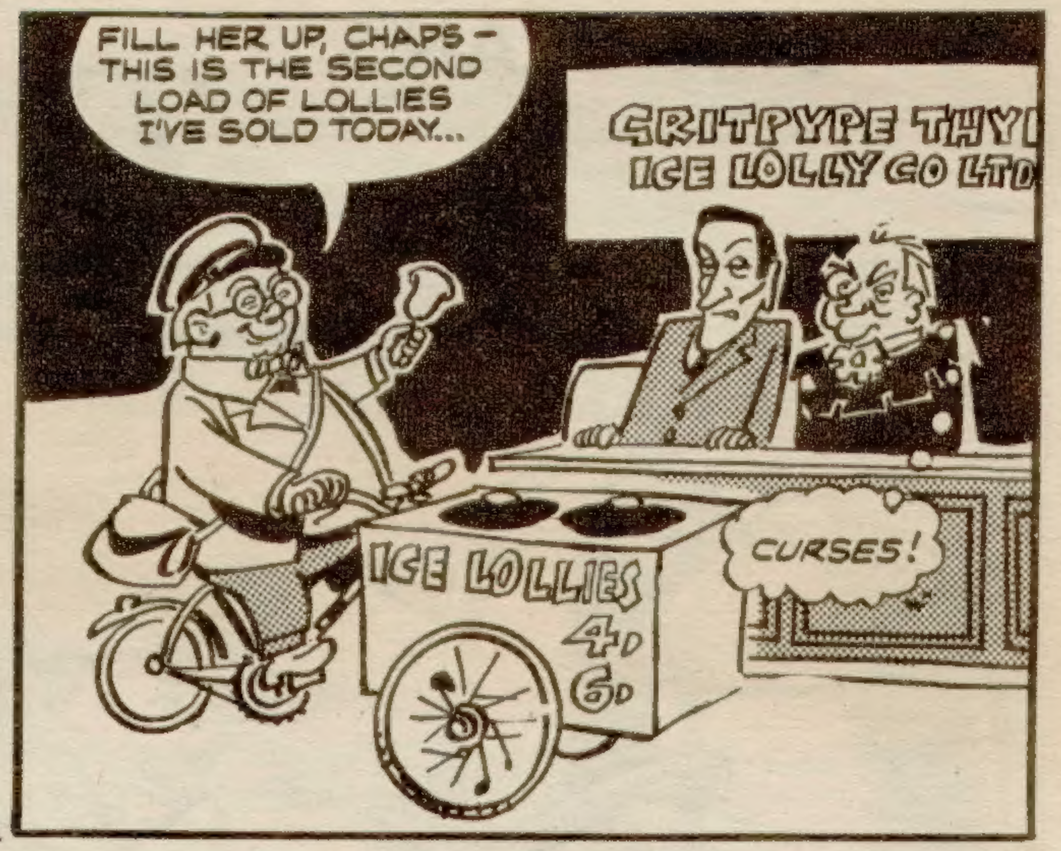
**There are more laughs next week, when Boodle and Bodger turn the cleaners on Dr. Nolan.**

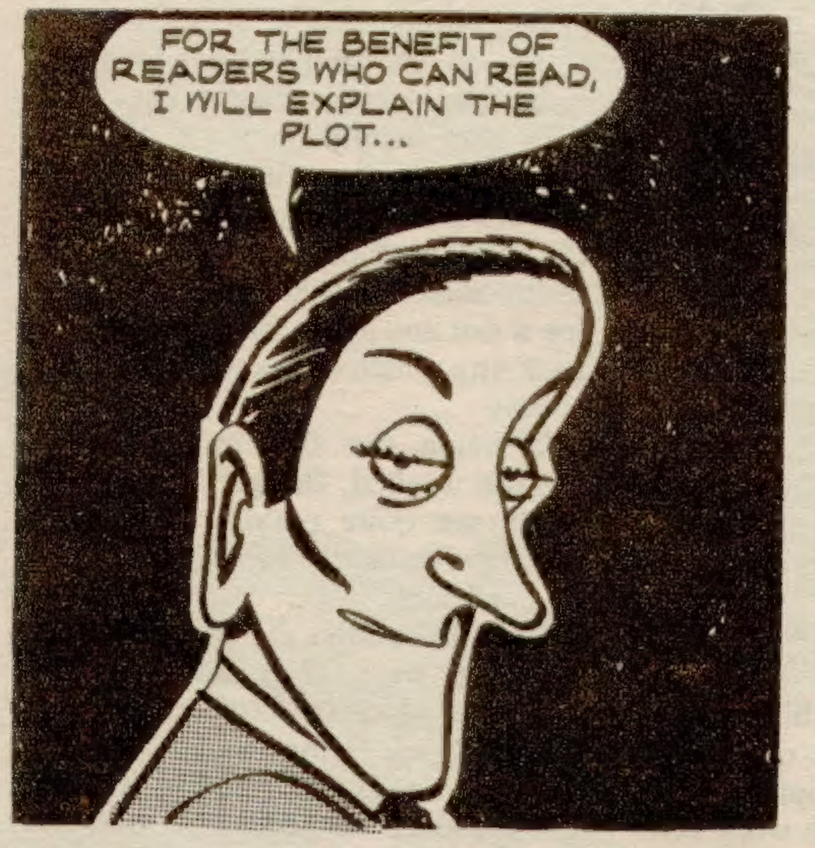
# THE TELEGOONS

IN

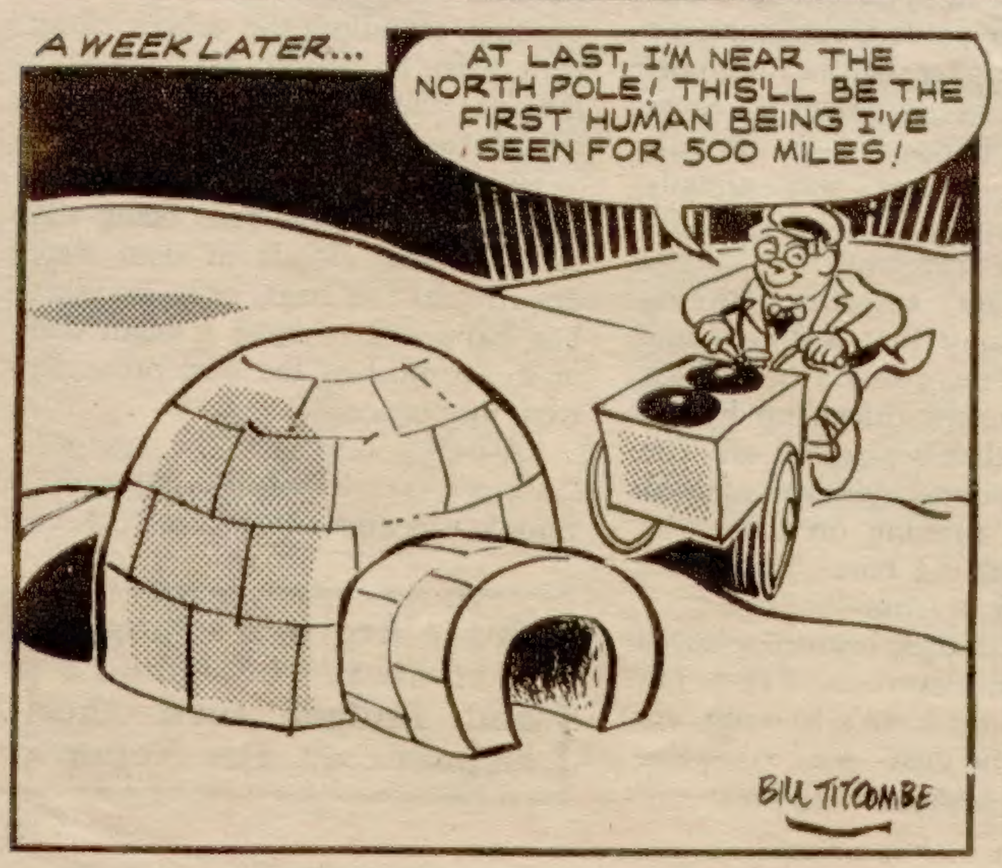
## NEDDY OF THE ARCTIC





UNFORTUNATELY, SEAGOON IS SUCH A GOOD SALESMAN, HE'S KEEPING US BUSY MAKING ICE LOLLIES... WHICH MEANS I'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF HIM... HEH-HEH-HEH! NOW READ ON...



DA... NO THANKS! TOO COLD!

HEY! DA... DID YOU SEE DAT? DE FISH LIKE 'EM! I'LL HAVE SOME MORE!

LATER...

DESE LOLLIES MAKE SUPER BAIT! I'LL HAVE TO TELL MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR!

SIX DAYS LATER...

WHAT KEPT YOU?

HUM... MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR, ESKIMO BLUEBOTTLE, LIVES 300 MILES AWAY!

YOU'RE RIGHT, ECCLES! WE'LL BUY ALL THE LOLLIES FOR BAIT!

THANKS, GENTLEMEN! NOW HOW CAN I GET HOME?

DERE'S AN ICEBERG LEAVING IN TEN MINUTES! YOU'LL JUST MAKE IT!

NEEDLE-NIDDLE-NOO! I'LL SOON BE THERE!

PHEW! I'VE JUST MADE IT! NOW TO STOCK UP WITH ICE LOLLIES AND BE OFF AGAIN!

BUT AT THE ICE LOLLY FACTORY...

SORRY, DEAR BOY - WE'RE OUT OF STOCK!

FRIDG

ICE LOLLIES 4D 6D

NONSENSE! THERE MUST BE... OH! SO THAT'S YOUR GAME, IS IT?

HANDS UP! THIS INDEX FINGER IS LOADED!

SAPRISTY!

SO...

THEY'RE ALL YOURS, OFFICER! TWO FROZEN CRIMINALS AND THE LOLLY THEY PINCHED!

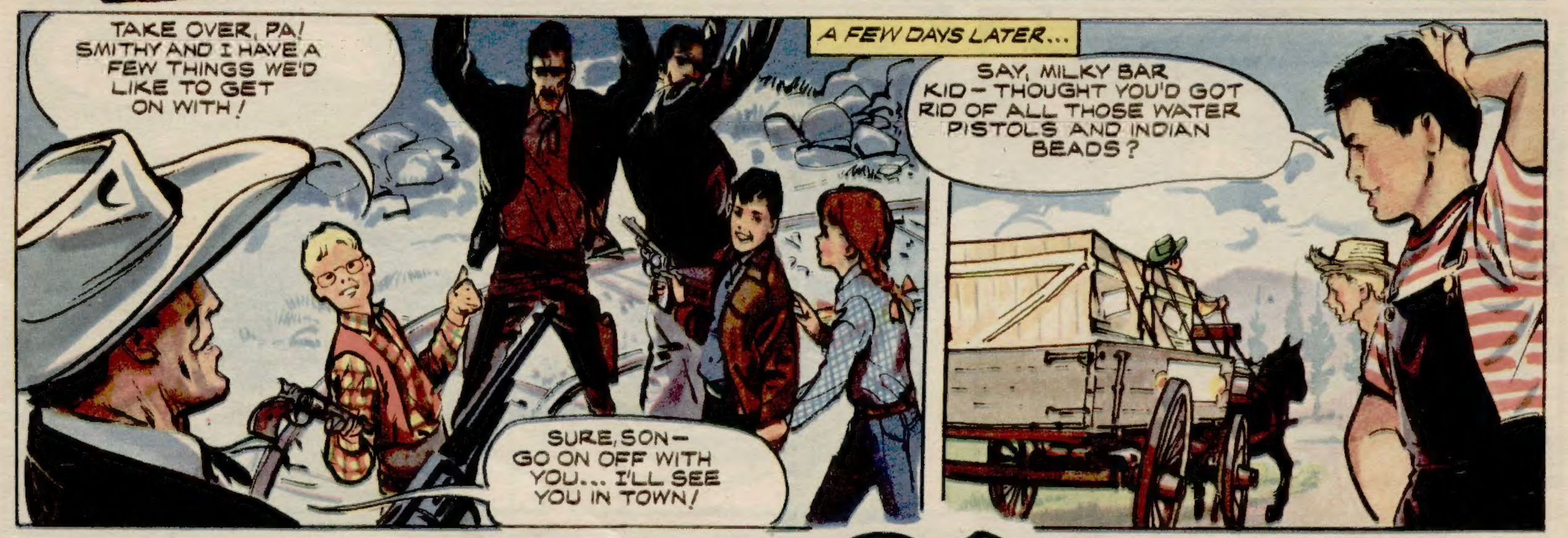
WANTED

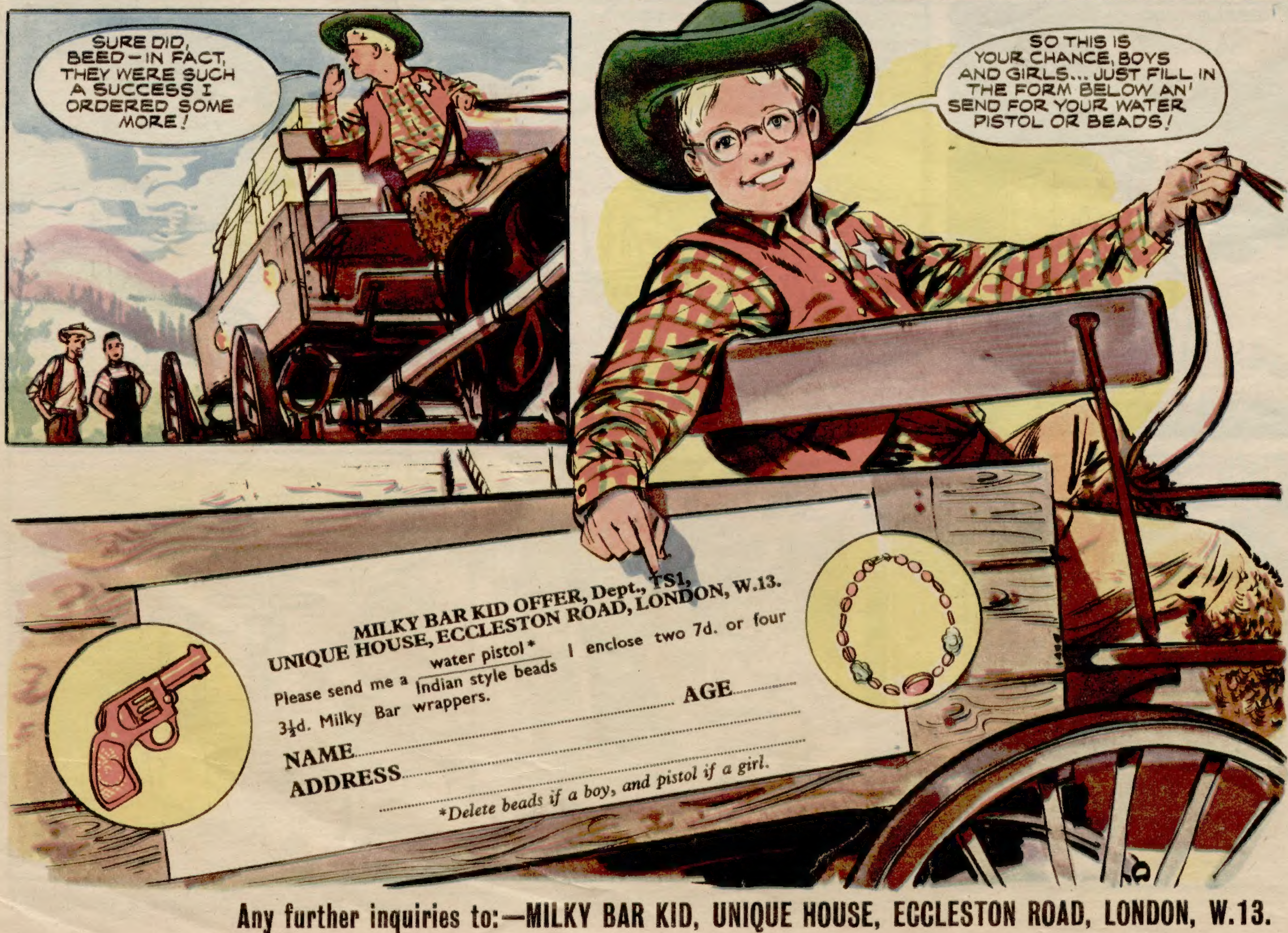
ICE LOLLIES 4D 6D

**Next week, Dr. Seagoon's casebook!**

# The MILKY BAR KID

WHILE Jane rides for the Marshal, the Milky Bar Kid and Smithy have jumped two crooks outside a disused mine . . .


TAKE OVER, PA! SMITHY AND I HAVE A FEW THINGS WE'D LIKE TO GET ON WITH!
SURE, SON – GO ON OFF WITH YOU... I'LL SEE YOU IN TOWN!
A FEW DAYS LATER...
SAY, MILKY BAR KID – THOUGHT YOU'D GOT RID OF ALL THOSE WATER PISTOLS AND INDIAN BEADS?


SURE DID, BEED – IN FACT, THEY WERE SUCH A SUCCESS I ORDERED SOME MORE!
SO THIS IS YOUR CHANCE, BOYS AND GIRLS... JUST FILL IN THE FORM BELOW AN' SEND FOR YOUR WATER PISTOL OR BEADS!

MILKY BAR KID OFFER, Dept., TS1,
UNIQUE HOUSE, ECCLESTON ROAD, LONDON, W.13.

Please send me a water pistol* / Indian style beads | enclose two 7d. or four 3½d. Milky Bar wrappers.

NAME..... AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

*Delete beads if a boy, and pistol if a girl.

**Any further inquiries to:—MILKY BAR KID, UNIQUE HOUSE, ECCLESTON ROAD, LONDON, W.13.**